Dentist

He accounts decay by morning light,
I phrase colors of the corrugated
shed three stories down,

changing the language
as light changes and when

it stops, the words must
advance in order

to save us. We say too much
and yet at a still point are graced.

Now he tells his speech again--no use
to talk to me. But, then, I listen
since we are all of us forgiven.